POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]

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POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

WRITTEN by a Young LADY.

Charlotte Ramsay

LONDON:

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MDCCXLVII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

The RIGHT HONOURABLE the

Lady ISSABELLA FINCH,

First Lady of the Bed-Chamber to their ROYAL HIGHNESSES the PRINCESSES.

MADAM,

THAT I preſume to lay the following Trifles at your Ladyſhip's Feet, is not ſo much the Ambition of having a Patroneſs diſtinguiſh'd for ſo many ſhining Qualities as your Ladyſhip, as to have an Opportunity of acknowledging the Obligations you have conferr'd on me.----Yet, Madam, am I truly ſenſible of the extreme

treme Honour your Protection will afford me, ſince your Approbation is ſufficient to ſtamp a Value upon my other-ways trifling Performances. Your Ladyſhip's early Favour and Indulgence, as it was ſufficient to ſatisfy the moſt boundleſs Vanity, gives you the ſtrongeſt Claim to my perpetual Gratitude. Suffer me then, Madam, thus publickly to own your Ladyſhip's Goodneſs, and to profeſs myſelf with the greateſt Reſpect, Your LADYSHIP'S

Moſt oblig'd and grateful

Humble Servant,

CHARLOTTE RAMSAY.

E R R A T A.

PAGE 53. Line 2. *add* read *and.* P. 56. l. 2. *tutor'd* read *lectur'd.* P. 62. l. 9. *on* read *one.* P. 64. l. 1. *from* read *form.* P. 65. l. 16. *Suſpenſion* read *Suſpicion.* P. 66. l. 4. *unmelting* read *melting.* P. 76. l. 13. *thy* read *its.* P. 77. l. 2. *the pleaſing* read *thy ſoothing.* P. 79. 3. *hunt* read *haunt.*

BRITISH MUSEUM

POEMS
ON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

A
PASTORAL,
FROM THE
SONG of *SOLOMON*.

OH! tell me, thou who all my Soul inſpires,
Source of my Joys, and Partner of my Fires,
By what clear Stream, or nigh what flow'ry Mead
Thy tender Flocks with wanton Pleaſure feed:
Where does my Dear, my lovely Wand'rer ſtray;
Tell me, and guide my weary Steps that Way.

In vain I trace the Plains, each winding Grove;
No Swain directs me to my absent Love:
Close in the Covert of some Shade he lyes;
Some envious Shade conceals him from my Eyes:
Bear then my soft Complainings to his Ear;
Ye whis'pring Winds, let him my Accents hear;
The well-known Sounds will wake the ling'ring Swain,
And bring him panting to my Arms again.

Alas! not yet my cruel Love returns:
I rave; my Breast with jealous Fury burns:
Cold Tremblings seize on ev'ry vital Part;
The Blood runs freezing to my panting Heart;
Dim Shadows swim before my closing Sight,
And my griev'd Soul prepares to take its Flight.

Hark; what sweet Accents breaks the ambient Air;
Sure 'tis my Love's melodious Voice I hear:

Now

Now to my Arms my charming Shepherd flies;
Heaven to my Arms, and Tranſport to my Eyes.
Oh! on thy panting Breaſt let me recline,
And let thy folding Arms around me twine;
With Vows of Love my anxious Fears controul,
And whiſper Eaſe to my diſtracted Soul.

Ariſe, my Love, the dear Enſlaver cries,
My beauteous Maid, my lovely Fair, ariſe;
For lo, the Rain is o'er, the Winter's paſt,
And balmy Sweets perfume the ſouthern Blaſt,
Like thee, all Nature ſmiles; the Fields around,
Are with a new returning Verdure crown'd:
Hark what ſweet Muſick fills the vocal Grove;
Each feather'd Songſter tunes its Notes to Love:
What Odours do theſe op'ning Buds exhale,
Yet cannot o'er thy greater Sweets prevail,
Or their enchanting Beauties thine excell.

That Lilly ſhines but with a borrow'd Grace,
And Roſes bluſh to emulate thy Face;
Nor can the Violet's admired Dye
Match the bright Azure of thy ſhining Eye;
See where you tread, freſh blooming Flowers ariſe,
New Charms appear where'er you turn your Eyes;
For thee the Streams in ſofter Murmurs flow;
For thee ſweet Airs the whiſp'ring *Zephirs* blow;
For thee the Cedars form a grateful Shade,
And brighter Colours paint th' enamell'd Mead:
Oh! come then thro' theſe ſweet *Meanders* ſtray;
Ariſe, my Love; my fair One, come away.

Yes, deareſt Object of my ſoft Deſire,
Thou ſweet Inſpirer of my endleſs Fire;
With thee I'll trace the Groves, each winding Mead,
And follow where thy charming Footſteps lead:

Yet

Yet let me view thee; on that lovely Face
Let me with fond extatic Rapture gaze;
Let thy Voice charm me with its Magick Sound,
And my fond Soul with thrilling Pleaſure wound;
For ſweet's thy Beauties to my raviſh'd Sight,
And thy dear Voice my liſt'ning Ears delight.

See on that Couch, with Nature's Bounties ſpread,
At Eaſe reclin'd, my lovely Shepherd's laid:
What Beauties in that ſmiling Form appear;
How ſoft, how mild, how more than heavenly fair.
Ye tender Virgins, awful Silence keep;
Ye ſighing Gales prolong his balmy Sleep:
Thou ſleep'ſt, my Love; but ſtill thy waking Heart
Bears in my ſoft Inquietudes a Part.
My Image ever preſent with thee ſeems,
Haunts all thy Slumbers, and informs thy Dreams,

In

In ev'ry Wiſh, in ev'ry Thought I'm thine;
And oh! be thou for ever, ever mine.

Behold, he wakes, and here with Tranſport flies;
What ſtreaming Glories ſparkle from his Eyes:
Oh, turn them from me, hide their beauteous Beams;
The Sun with leſs refulgent Brightneſs gleams:
Do not ſuch ſweet, ſuch magick Rays diſpence,
Like pow'rful Sweets they overcome my Senſe;
Oh, ſet me, as a Seal upon thy Heart,
Mark'd for my own, I claim the ſmalleſt Part;
Shou'dſt Thou (but ſure the wounding Thought is vain)
For any other lovely Maid complain;
Take from me, Heav'n, the fleeting Breath you gave,
For Love's as ſtrong as Death, and pow'rful as the Grave.

THE RIVAL NYMPHS.

A TALE.

Clariſſa bleſt with ev'ry Grace,
A Shape divine, and charming Face,
Had triumph'd long o'er many a Swain,
And oft' been woo'd, but woo'd in vain;
Not ſo *Amanda*, blooming Youth,
Soft Innocence, and artleſs Truth,
Were all the Beauties ſhe cou'd boaſt,
Not form'd by Nature for a Toaſt;
Yet ſome there were, who in her Mind
A thouſand nameleſs Charms cou'd find:

She

She lov'd not Viſits, Park, or Play,
But mop'd, and read her Time away;
Inſenſible to a Degree,
Her Heart was all her own, and free;
Yet oft of Love's ſoft pleaſing Pains,
The Nymph wou'd write in melting Strains.
The lambent Flame that warm'd her Breaſt,
Each tender flowing Line confeſs'd;
Moneſes, whoſe enchanting Form
Was one continu'd endleſs Charm:
To whom indulgent Heav'n had join'd,
All that cou'd beautify a Mind;
Had often own'd bright Beauty's Power,
Had ſigh'd and lov'd —— for half an Hour.
But yet the lovely Youth confeſs'd,
Whoe'er could wound his deſtin'd Breaſt,
Her Charms muſt over Time prevail,
Her Wit muſt pleaſe when Beauty fail'd;

Yet

Yet ſince he cou'd not hope to find,
One bleſt with all thoſe Charms of Mind;
He thought *Clariſſa* worth his Care,
And all the Hours he had to ſpare;
Soft Vows, and tender ſpeaking Eyes,
Pleading Looks, and melting Sighs;
Make the believing Maid approve
His falſe, but well diſſembled Love.
But while *Clariſſa*'s Charms he own'd,
He with a ſecret Paſſion burn'd.
Amanda found the Way to win
His Heart, and let her Image in;
His Pain the lovely Youth conceals,
All but what his Eyes reveals:
His Eyes, that all his Paſſion tell,
And ſpeak the Love he felt ſo well.

Amanda heard the Youth complain,
She heard and felt an equal Flame;

But ſtill with native Shyneſs arm'd,
She ſhuns the lovely Swain ſhe charm'd;
His Looks, his Sighs, his Actions move,
And in ſoft Language plead for Love.

Clariſſa ſtill exults, and cries,
He's yet a Victim to my Eyes;
He neither will, nor can be free;
Me he ſtill love's, and only Me:
Ah! ceaſe to claim my charming Prize;
Amanda, to the Fair replies,
Cou'd I, *Clariſſa*, cou'd I boaſt,
The Hearts that to thy Charms are loſt,
With Joy I wou'd them all reſign,
To keep my lov'd *Moneſes* mine.

In vain the Nymph declares her Flame,
Clariſſa ſtill aſſerts her Claim;

And 'till the lov'd *Moneſes* owns,
The conqu'ring Maid for whom he burns;
'Till he'll the happy Fair unfold,
The Sequel muſt remain untold.

TO

A LADY Singing.

STILL ſing, bright Maid, nor ceaſe the pleaſing Charm,
Each Soul ſubdue, each tender Boſom warm;
Such magick Sweetneſs to thy Voice is giv'n,
We hear a Seraph, and we taſte of Heav'n;

Strange force of Harmony, whoſe Power controuls,
The warring Paſſions, and informs our Souls,
Soft ſoothing Sounds, by whoſe enchantment bleſt,
Anger and Grief forſake the tranquil Breaſt;
While ſoft Ideas riſing in the Mind,
Bids us in Love a gentle Tyrant find,
And to his Sway the ſoftned Soul's reſign'd.
Thus ſung the *Thracian* Bard, while all around,
The liſt'ning Beaſts confeſs'd the magick Sound:
Leſs ſweet the Harmony *Amphion* made,
When dancing Stones mov'd to the Notes he play'd;
Or him, who bore by Dolphins to the Shore,
Made Winds and Waves confeſs his magick Pow'r:
Thou no leſs pow'rful o'er the Human Mind,
As great a Triumph from thy Songs can find;
Love and its pleaſing Pains at once inſpire,
And fix in ev'ry Breaſt the latent Fire.

A

HYMN to *VENUS*,

IN

IMITATION of *SAPHO*.

VENUS, Queen of tender Fires,
Pleasing Pains, and soft Desires;
Sweet Enslaver of the Heart,
Here thy gentle Aid impart;
To my mourning Soul give Ease,
And bid my soft Complainings cease.

II.

Hither beauteous Goddeſs move,
Leave a while th' *Idalian* Grove;
Once more to my tranſported Breaſt,
Come a mild, a grateful Gueſt;
There confirm thy pleaſing Reign,
Free from Cares, and free from Pain.

III.

Oh! if e'er my artleſs Strains,
By Thee inſpired, breath'd thy Pains;
Propitious now thy Suppliant hear,
And grant a Lover's ardent Pray'r?
Ah! let me not deſpairing mourn,
But meet a kind, a wiſh'd Return.

IV.

Make *Philander* feel my Pow'r,
Fear my Scorn, my Smiles adore,
Let the dear Deceiver know,
All the Pains he can beſtow:
To me that valued Heart reſign,
And fix the lovely Wand'rer mine.

AMINTA and DELIA.

A PASTORAL.

AMINTA.

THEE, gentle Maid, may ev'ry Muſe inſpire,
And *Phœbus* bleſs Thee with poetic Fire;
May thy ſoft Numbers ev'ry Boſom warm,
Melt into Love, and into Softneſs charm,

Around

Around our peaceful Plains thy Praiſe is ſpread,
And Wreaths of Laurel crown thy youthful Head.

DELIA.

May ev'ry Grace and blooming Charm be thine,
And the dear Joys of Peace and Friendſhip mine:
Aminta ſtill my grateful Heart ſhall ſhare,
Tho' lov'd *Philander*'s Image triumphs there.

AMINTA.

Me gentle *Damon* loves, nor loves in vain,
With Joy I hear the charming Youth complain;
He! only he, to Tenderneſs can move,
Melt my ſoft Soul, and charm me into Love:
In vain I wou'd my ſecret Pain diſguiſe,
He reads my Paſſion in my artleſs Eyes.

DELIA.

DELIA.

From Fair to Fair the gay *Philander* rov'd,
Sigh'd without Cauſe, and for a Moment lov'd;
The charming Wanderer no more I fear,
For me he feels the tender Flame ſincere.

AMINTA.

Soft as the Breeze which fans the ſilent Grove,
Are *Damon*'s Accents when he talks of Love;
Too well my fond conſenting Looks reveal
The tender Paſſion I wou'd fain conceal:
Whene'er I hear the lovely Youth complain,
My Sighs and Bluſhes ſpeak an equal Flame.

DELIA.

With skilful Hand, when my *Philander* plays,
And ſings alternately in melting Lays;

The Woods to the ſoft Harmony reſound,
And my Soul dwells on the enchanting Sound.

AMINTA.

When my lov'd *Damon* ſings, how ſweet the Strains;
Ecchoes, repeat them to the diſtant Plains;
Not *Philomela*, thro' the whiſp'ring Trees,
Like that dear Shepherd's tuneful Voice can pleaſe.

DELIA.

No Arts I uſe to vex my faithful Swain,
Nor feign a Paſſion, nor affect Diſdain:
When the dear Youth in plaintive Sounds wou'd move
My yielding Soul to Tenderneſs and Love;
He ſees too well the ſtruggling Paſſions riſe,
Glow in my Cheeks, and Languiſh in my Eyes,
Knows the ſoft Meaning of each Look, and ſteals
The tender Thoughts, which Art in vain conceals.

AMINTA.

AMINTA.

When *Damon*'s abſent from my longing Eyes,
A thouſand anxious Fears and Sorrows riſe;
While to the Murmurs of yon falling Stream
I ſing, and *Damon* is the charming Theme.

DELIA.

The lovely Object of my ſoft Deſire,
Philander only can my Songs inſpire;
For him my Numbers flow, my Shepherd's Praiſe
Adorns each Line, and ſmooths my artleſs Lays.

ENVY. A SATIRE.

IN *Y---k*'s deteſted Iſle, that Foe to Fame,
That Bane of Glory, and a virtuous Name;
Pale Envy dwells, and ev'ry Breaſt inſpires,
With mortal Hatred, and deſtructive Fires;
Enthron'd She ſits, with ſnaky Honours crown'd,
And deals her impious Power all around;
Deceit, on one hand, ſtands with cruel Smiles,
Diſſembled Truths, and ſoft ſucceſsful Wiles;
But, in her Hand, tho' half conceal'd, is view'd,
The pointed Dagger, deep in Rage imbru'd:
Scandal, on t'other hand, like Fame appears,
Alike her Number both of Tongues and Ears:

By

By theſe the faireſt Reputation dies,
And ſwift, and ſure, the ſpreading Ruin flies,
Round the fell Pow'r her anxious Votaries throng,
Vain Age contemn'd, and unreguarded Young:
Theſe, who to Virtue, Wit, and Beauty loſt;
Here ſtrive to blaſt the Fame they cannot boaſt;
Goddeſs, they cry, if e'er thy Suppliants pleaſe,
When Crowds they ſacrifice to give thee Eaſe,
To ſooth thy Pains, when ſome diſtinguiſh'd Name,
Riſes to blaſt thee with an honeſt Fame;
If by the happy Force of fraudful Lies,
Sunk in Oblivion the bright Merit dies;
If ſpotleſs Chaſtity to Shame betray'd;
If charms, when blaſted, in the blooming Maid,
Deſerve thy Smile,---the pleaſing Miſchief aid.
Still GODDESS, in our Souls thy Pow'r increaſe,
And to each pointed Scandal give Succeſs.
Pleas'd, ſhe aſſents, and now each lab'ring Breaſt
Is with the baneful Fury's Rage poſſeſs'd;

Arm'd

Arm'd with deep Malice each reproachful Tongue
Murders the Fair, the Innocent, and Young;
With doubtful Hints a horrid Senſe convey,
And ſmile a faultleſs Character away.
But now *Artelia* comes with ſtealing Pace,
Gentle her Air, but Anguiſh clouds her Face;
Merit uninjur'd, now demands her Grief,
But future Scandal gives her Soul relief;
Swift thro' the ſupplicating Crowd ſhe preſs'd,
And her bad Pray'r in Whiſpers is addreſs'd:
Goddeſs, who all my anxious Boſom fires,
Who ev'ry Word and ev'ry Thought inſpires;
Still while thy potent Influence I feel,
Let Friendſhip's ſoft Diſguiſe my Aims conceal;
And while I ſpread deſtructive Scandal round,
Beneath that Maſque let me ſecurely wound.
'Tis done ---- 'tis granted, fly, ye virtuous Few,
Fly e'er her cruel Arts your Fame purſue;

See Juſtice from the foul Infection flies,
And frighted hence reſeeks her native Skies.
Far from the guilty Scene averts her Sight,
Her own *Philander* can't retard her Flight;
Tho' her bright Image, in his Breaſt he bears,
And all her Beauties in his Form appears;
Tho' in his Soul ſhe lights her heav'nly Flame,
And finds even here a Votary in him.

TO

MONESES Singing.

BE huſh'd as Death, *Moneſes* ſings,
Moneſes ſtrikes the ſounding Strings;
Let ſacred Silence dwell around,
And nought diſturb the Magick Sound;

Let

Let not the ſoftly whiſp'ring Breeze
Sob amidſt the ruſtling Trees;
Murmur, ye plaintive Streams, no more,
But glide in Silence to the Shore:
Even *Philomel* thy Note ſuſpend,
And to a ſweeter Song attend;
Ah! ſoft, ah! dang'rous, pow'rful Charm,
An Angel's Voice, an Angel's Form;
Attentive to the heav'nly Lay,
I hear and gaze my Soul away;
Now tender Wiſhes, melting Fires,
Infant Pains, and young Deſires,
Steal into my ſoftned Soul,
And bend it to the ſweet Controul;
Yet, let me fly, e'er 'tis too late,
The ſweet Diſeaſe, and ſhun my Fate.
But ah! that ſoftly, dying Strain
Arreſts my Steps, I ſtrive in vain;
Again I to the Syren turn,
Again with gentle Fires I burn;

Ceaſe lovely Youth th' inchanting Sound,
Too deep already is the Wound;
Thro' all my Veins the Poiſon ſteals,
My Heart the dear Infection feels:
I faint, I die, by love oppreſt,
The Sigh ſcarce heaves my panting Breaſt;
Before my View dim Shadows riſe,
And hides Thee from my raviſh'd Eyes:
Thy Voice, like diſtant Sounds, I hear,
It dies in murmurs on my Ear;
In the too pow'rful Tranſport toſt,
Ev'n Thought, and ev'ry Senſe is loſt.

THE LANGUAGE of the EYES TO LADY J----- F-----.

I.

IF forc'd by Tyrant Cuſtom, we
The Anguiſh of our Souls conceal,
Our Eyes yet boaſt their Liberty;
Let them the tender Truths reveal;
In ſoft perſuaſive Glances ſpeak our Grief,
And from that ſilent Language find Relief.

II.

Thoſe ſweet Betrayers of the Mind,
Can always lend their welcome Aid,
The Thoughts by harſh Reſtraint confin'd,
By them are all to View betray'd;

The

The doubtful War, which Hope and Fear maintain'd,
Are by thoſe charming Orators explain'd.

III.

See Anger in that ſparkling Eye,
This in ſoft Shades of Sorrow dreſt;
Love, ſmiling Hope, and tender Joy,
In thoſe inchanting Looks expreſt;
The conqu'ring Eyes correct the Lover's Heart,
And as they Smile or Frown, their Hopes and Fears impart.

IV.

Ye Fair, who ſtrive with Darts to arm,
The languid Beauties of your Eyes,
Of *Iſabellas* learn to charm,
Like hers the raviſh'd Soul ſurprize;
Her Mind does all their glorious Beams diſpenſe,
Bright as they are they owe their Rays to Senſe.

To *AURELIA*, on her attempting to write Verſes.

LONG had *Aurelia* vainly ſtrove
To write in melting Strains of Love;
Ambitious of a Poet's Name,
She wept, ſhe ſigh'd, ſhe long'd for Fame;
While of the great Deſign poſſeſt
She thus the *Delian* God addreſt:
Brighteſt of heavenly Powers above,
Immortal Son of thund'ring *Jove*;
Oh glorious Deity impart
To me the ſoft poetic Art;
Vouchſafe to me thy ſacred Fire,
And with thyſelf my Soul inſpire.

She

She ſpake---the God indulgent hears
The beauteous Maid, and grants her Prayers.
On *Clio* turns his radiant Eyes,
And to the tuneful Goddeſs cries,
Fly hence to fair *Aurelia*'s Aid,
In heavenly Strains inſtruct the Maid:
The Muſe obeys the God's Commands
With Joy, and ſwift as Thought deſcends,
And at *Aurelia*'s Side attends.
Conſcious of her new Power, the Maid
With Thanks the glorious Gift repay'd:
Now *Waller*'s Sweetneſs, *Granville*'s Fire,
At once her tuneful Breaſt inſpire:
No more ſhe vainly ſtrives to pleaſe,
The ready Numbers flow with eaſe:
All ſoft, harmonious and divine;
Apollo ſhines in every Line.
The *Delian* God with Rapture fill'd,
Upon his lovely Pupil ſmil'd.

Daphne, his once-lov'd charming Care,
Appear'd to him not half ſo fair:
For the loſt Nymph he mourns no more;
Nor in his Songs her Loſs deplore;
But from the ſlighted Tree he tears
It's Leaves, to deck *Aurelia*'s Hairs.
A Poet now by all ſhe's own'd,
And with immortal Honour crown'd.

ON
A LADY's Singing.

HOW was I charm'd, when fair *Harmonia* ſung!
What heavenly Sweetneſs dwelt upon her Tongue!
What melting Joys did her ſoft Song impart!
Oh Pow'r of Muſick, on a tender Heart!

While

While ſhe repeats the Lover's ardent Pains,
My ſympathiſing Soul with her complains:
Soft flow the Tears; the gentle Sorrows riſe,
And my full Boſom heaves with ſtrug'ling Sighs:
But when a faithful, generous Pair's her Theme;
When in ſoft Sounds ſhe ſings their mutual Flame,
'Tis then I feel the Lover's ſoft Exceſs;
Share in their Joy, and triumph in their Bliſs;
Wiſh I may thus to Tenderneſs be moved,
And love like them, like them to be belov'd:
Oh ſay, bright Virgin, by what powerful Art
Thy Song gives real Raptures to the Heart,
And makes the ſtruggling Soul alternate prove
The Joys of true, and Pangs of perjur'd Love:
A Voice leſs fine than yours the Bard poſſeſt,
Whoſe magick Sweetneſs moving Trees confeſt.
On Mortals! thy ſuperior Skill is ſhown,
And Hearts ſubdu'd thy greater Power own.

To *FLAVIA*,

An ODE.

I.

IF *Flavia* in thy faultleſs Form
All that is Heavenly-fair we find,
If every Grace conſpires to charm,
And ſpeaks the Beauties of thy Mind.

II.

Why ſhouldſt thou wonder, lovely Maid,
At the ſoft Paſſions you inſpire?
Why thoſe to hopeleſs Love betray'd,
Or theſe feel Friendſhip's ſacred Fire?

III.

III.

Heedleſs thy charming Eyes enſlave,
Nor know the ſmiling Deaths they dart;
Nought can the wretched Gazer ſave,
Or reſcue his devoted Heart.

IV.

But ah to win the Soul is more,
And Friendſhip's nobler Fires impart,
The Work of ſome diviner Power,
And Reaſon wings th' unerring Dart.

V.

Let thy Adorers juſtly praiſe
The wond'rous Beauties of thy Face,
Extol thy Charms a thouſand Ways,
And with thy Name their Numbers grace.

VI.

Friendſhip a nobler Theme ſhall find,
And to th' admiring World diſplay,
The Graces that adorn thy Mind,
A Subject that will ne'er decay.

VII.

When thy bright Eyes ſhall ceaſe to wound,
And Age thy fading Charms embrace;
When in thy Looks no trace is found,
Of what the lovely *Flavia* was.

VIII.

The laſting Beauties of thy Mind,
The Muſe in gentle Strains ſhall ſing,
In thy fair Soul new Charms ſhall find,
To raiſe her Voice, and prune her Wing.

A SONG.

I.

WHAT Torments muſt the Virgin prove
That feels the Pangs of hopeleſs Love?
What endleſs Cares muſt rack the Breaſt
That is by ſure Deſpair poſſeſt.

II.

When Love in tender Boſoms reigns,
With all its ſoft, its pleaſing Pains,
Why ſhould it be a Crime to own
The fatal Flame we cannot ſhun.

III.

The Soul by Nature form'd ſincere,
A ſlaviſh forc'd Diſguiſe muſt wear;

Leſt the unthinking World reprove
The Heart that glows with generous Love.

IV.

But oh in vain the Sigh's repreſt,
That gently heaves the penſive Breaſt;
The glowing Bluſh, the falling Tear,
The conſcious Wiſh, and ſilent Fear.

V.

Ye ſoft Betrayers aid my Flame,
And give my new Deſires a Name:
Some Power my gentle Griefs redreſs,
Reveal, or make my Paſſion leſs.

On reading HUTCHISON *on the* PASSIONS.

THOU who thro' Nature's various Faults can rove,
And ſhew what Springs the eager Paſſions move;
Teach us to combat Anger, Grief and Fear,
Recal the Sigh, and ſtop the falling Tear.
Oh be thy ſoft Philoſophy addreſt,
To the untroubled Ear and tranquil Breaſt:
To theſe be all thy peaceful Notions taught,
Who idly rove amidſt a Calm of Thought:
Whoſe Soul by Love or Hate were ne'er poſſeſt,
Who ne'er were wretched, and who ne'er were bleſt:
Whoſe fainter Wiſhes, Pleaſures, Fears remain,
Dreams but of Bliſs, and Shadows of a Pain;

Serenely

Serenely ſtupid; ſo ſome ſhallow Stream
Flows thro' the winding Valleys ſtill the ſame:
Whom no rude Wind can ever diſcompoſe,
Who fears no Winter Rain, or falling Snows;
But ſlowly down its flow'ry Borders creeps,
And the ſoft Zephyr on its Boſom ſleeps.
Oh couldſt thou teach the tortur'd Soul to know,
With Patience, each Extream of human Woe;
To bear with Ills, and unrepining prove
The Frowns of Fortune, and the Racks of Love:
Still ſhould my Breaſt ſome quiet Moments ſhare,
Still riſe ſuperior to each threatning Care:
Nor fear approaching Ills, or diſtant Woes,
But in *Philander*'s Abſence find Repoſe.

The QUESTION.

SINCE freed from Love's enchanting Pains,
Your Heart no longer wears my Chains;
Since the gay Folly charms no more,
And all the dear Deluſion's o'er:
Yet tell me, *Damon*, do you prove
In Freedom, Joys ſo pure as Love?
Alike unfelt its Pains or Sweets,
Your Heart an equal Meaſure beats:
No longer Hope and Fear maintain
Within your Breaſt a doubtful Reign:
Unpleas'd, nor caring if you pleaſe,
Loſt in a dull inactive Eaſe.
Since then for this you could forego
The Lover's ſweetly-pleaſing Woe;

Forſake thoſe bright enliv'ning Fires,
Gay Hopes, and elegant Deſires;
The mutual Wiſh, the equal Flame,
The Sorrows, Fears, and Hopes, the ſame.
Oh ſay, what Joys can Freedom boaſt,
Like thoſe ſweet Torments you have loſt.

The ADVICE,

An ODE.

I.

BENEATH a Myrtle's ſpreading Shade,
The ſadly weeping *Delia* lay;
Soft Zephyrs fann'd the penſive Maid,
And wafted every Sigh away.

II.

II.

Dear conſcious Stream, ſhe ſoftly cry'd,
Whoſe plaintive Murmurs ſooth my Pain;
How often on thy flow'ry Side
Did *Damon* at my Feet complain?

III.

Reclin'd in yonder ſilent Grove,
How did the lovely Youth proteſt
The ſofteſt, trueſt, fondeſt Love,
That ever warm'd a faithful Breaſt?

IV.

But ah thoſe Vows no longer bind,
No more my gentle Sway he owns;
For ſome coy Nymph leſs fair and kind,
The dear Betrayer ſighs and burns.

V.

Thus mourn'd the fair neglected Maid,
When ſprightly *Cloe* thither came;
And is it thus, ſhe laughing ſaid,
That *Delia* cures a ſlighted Flame?

VI.

No more indulge this fruitleſs Grief;
If *Damon*'s falſe to you and Love,
The God that wounds can bring Relief,
Another may the firſt remove.

VII.

Believe me, Friend, the cruel Flame,
Which tortures now thy gentle Breaſt;
The Object chang'd will burn the ſame,
And you in mutual Love be bleſt.

VIII.

Strephon, who all this Time conceal'd,
The Virgin's ſoft Complaints had heard,
His beauteous Form at length reveal'd,
And thus his tender Vows preferr'd.

IX.

If Love like mine that can endure,
Tho' the dear Object be its Foe;
If Abſence nor Diſdain can cure
A hopeleſs Flame that burns in Woe.

X.

If ſuch a pure, a conſtant Fire,
May hope for Pity in thy Breaſt,
Strephon ſhall ſtill the Heart inſpire,
That once receiv'd him for a Gueſt.

XI.

Delia no more my Love ſhall fly,
But with returning Fondneſs own,
That *Damon* merits leſs than I,
Who never lov'd but her alone.

XII.

Amaz'd, confus'd, the bluſhing Maid
Found her wrong'd Lover ſtill the ſame;
In vain ſhe call'd her Pride to aid
Againſt the ſweet returning Flame.

XIII.

That melting Voice, that heavenly Form,
Thoſe Eyes that ſhone with ſoft Deſire;
Each Grace inſpires her Soul to charm,
And kindle up the latent Fire.

XIV.

XIV.

Fain ſhe'd her tender Thoughts impart,
Her baſhful Tongue the Taſk denies;
Impatient to be known, her Heart
Gives all its Softneſs to her Eyes.

XV.

In them ſoft Wiſhes ſtood confeſt,
Sweet Remorſe, and conſcious Love;
Every Fear her Soul poſſeſt,
And all that cou'd thoſe Fears remove.

XVI.

Convinc'd, o'erjoy'd, the lovely Youth
Saw the reluctant pleaſing Pain,
Vows at her Feet eternal Truth,
Bleſſes her Sway, and hugs his Chain.

ARDELIA to *FLAVIA*,

An EPISTLE.

THOU dearest Object of my fondest Love,
What Words can speak the Misery I prove?
Doom'd as I am by my relentless Fate,
To bear the worst of dreaded Ills, your Hate.
Lov'd tho' thou wert, in every Action just,
Have I not wrong'd thee by unkind Distrust?
Believ'd thee false, when Love and Truth were thine,
And all the tender Joys of Friendship mine?
Wretch that I am, my fatal Crime I know,
And merit all the Anger you can show.

Do

Do hate me, loath me, drive me from your Breaſt,
That Seat of Softneſs, Innocence, and Reſt!
Bid me my fatal Raſhneſs ever mourn;
Fly my loath'd Sight, and curſe me with your Scorn.
But oh! tho' Anger ſhould each Grace transform,
And change to Roughneſs every ſmiling Charm:
Tho' thoſe bright Eyes where Love and Sweetneſs ſhine,
Shou'd with the coldeſt Glances look on mine:
Tho' that harmonious, that enchanting Tongue,
Where all the Force of ſoft Perſwaſion hung,
Chide me in cruel Sounds, with Fury warm'd,
And wound the Ears it has ſo often charm'd:
Still wou'd I bear it all, with Patience bear,
And whiſper to my Soul your Triumph there.
But ſure, in Pity to my tender Pain,
Some Spark of Friendſhip in thy Breaſt remains:

To that I'll ſue, the languid Flame to raiſe,
And wake the ſleeping Paſſion to a Blaze;
Try every Art thy Anger to controul,
And watch each yielding Moment in thy Soul;
Some tender Fit of Softneſs in thy Breaſt,
When Love's awake, and Anger charm'd to Reſt.
For ſure my *Flavia* cannot always prove
Deaf to the tender Prayers and Tears of Love.
Oh teach me, thou fair Softneſs, to atone
For all the Wrongs I've to thy Friendſhip done.
With thy own Sweetneſs thy juſt Rage diſarm,
And learn me all thy well-known Power to charm.
Direct me how to make my Vows believ'd,
To move thy Pity, and thy Love retrieve.
Oh with returning Ardour ever bleſs
The Heart which you, and only you poſſeſs.

An ODE
To SLEEP

I.

COME, gentle God of ſoft Repoſe,
And charm my Soul to Reſt;
In thy Embraces let me loſe
The Cares that rack my Breaſt.

II.

Ariſe, ye dear Deceits, ariſe,
And dreſt in *Damon*'s Form,
My long-expecting, wiſhing Eyes
With his Reſemblance charm.

III.

Thoſe melting Sounds ſtill let me hear,
Which did his Flame impart;
Which bleſt with Love my liſt'ning Ear,
And pierc'd my yielding Heart.

IV.

Why rove my Thoughts on fancied Bliſs
Which only Dreams beſtow;
For oh whene'er the Morn appears,
I wake to real Woe.

V.

The envious Light from my ſad Eyes,
Drives all my Bliſs away;
With Night the lovely Phantom flies,
And leaves me loſt in Day.

VI.

Since waking then I am diſtreſt,
And Pleaſure's fled with him;
If ſleeping I can ſtill be bleſt,
Let Life be all a Dream.

An ODE, IN IMITATION *of* SAPHO.

I.

ME the lovelieſt trueſt Swain,
Often woo's, but woo's in vain;
Tender, ſoft, beſeeching Eyes,
Pleading Tears, and melting Sighs:

Such ſoft Pains as Lovers feel,
Such his dying Looks reveal.

II.

Yet by Pride, by Shame with-held,
Every yielding Thought's repell'd;
Scarce the Sigh that heaves my Breaſt,
Scarce the falling Tear's repreſt;
Yet may artful Tongue denies
My Love, and contradicts my Eyes.

III.

If then, charming Youth, you'd know
All my Love, and all my Woe;
All my Heart, without Diſguiſe,
Read it in my artleſs Eyes.
They'll in tender Language tell
What I wou'd in vain conceal.

IV.

IV.

There each yielding Thought betray'd,
All my Hopes add Fears diſplay'd:
The ſoft Flame which warms my Breaſt,
In each melting Look's confeſt:
While unſtudied Glances prove,
All is Truth, and all is Love.

A SONG.

I.

DAMON in vain you ſtrive to move;
'Tis true my Heart was form'd for Love,
And own its native Flame.

But ſuch a Flame, ſo pure a Fire,
Philander only can inſpire,
And all its Softneſs claim.

II.

No more of cruel Scorn complain,
Too late, alas! you own'd your Pain,
Too late to find a Cure.

If Friendſhip to your Views be due,
Taſte all the Eaſe that can beſtow,
But *Damon* aſk no more.

A

PARODY

ON AN

ODE of *HORACE*,

As Translated by

Mr. *FARQUHAR*.

IN Love, where Cares diſtract the Mind,
Where Fear to ſmiling Hope is join'd;
Where Grief the long-ſought Joy precedes,
And late Remorſe that Joy invades:
Show me among the happieſt there,
Who would not wiſh for Freedom here.

In Freedom, Friend, the Wife delights,
For this the Curtain-tutor'd Nights:
For this ſhe ſtorms the peaceful Man,
And curſes nuptial Ties in vain.
Since Love then is too weak to cure
That female Vice, the Thirſt of Power;
Happy the Maid who guards her Heart
Againſt the ſweetly-painful Dart:
Who charm'd by Liberty alone,
Will no intruding Paſſion own.
In Love what can we hope to find,
But Pleaſures that leave Stings behind?
Deluſive Hopes of Happineſs,
Airy Dreams of fancy'd Bliſs?
Which ſhadow-like will diſappear,
When the approaching Form comes near.
Ceaſe then to court a certain Ill,
If free at preſent, keep ſo ſtill.

Forbear that meaning Glance to throw;
The Dart which meditates the Foe
May back upon thyſelf recoil,
And catch thee in the artful Toil.
Love o'er the abject Breaſt may reign,
With all its light fantaſtic Train
Of Wiſhes, Cares, and fond Deſires,
Fears and Hopes, and jealous Fires;
Be mine from the ſoft Folly free,
Freedom alone has Charms for me.

The DREAM.

AH ſtay, fair fleeting Form, I charge thee ſtay;
Whither, ah whither wouldſt thou glide away?
Ardelia calls thee, lovely cruel Shade!
Ardelia bids thee ſtay, thy once lov'd Maid!

Alas! in vain I call, for ſee he flies;
Flies my fond claſping Arms, and ardent Eyes.
Not all my Prayers can the lov'd Form detain:
My Sighs, my Tears, my Wiſhes are in vain.
In gentle Slumbers, *Morpheus*, cloſe my Eyes,
And bid once more the lovely Phantom riſe.
Bid him in all thoſe heavenly Charms appear;
That melting Softneſs, that engaging Air,
In that too powerful Sorrow let him ſhine,
When firſt he gave his Heart and conquer'd mine.
Hence then, ye Sorrows, from the fancied Scene,
Deſpairs, eternal Sighs, and ſecret Pain,
Shall wound no more, no Thought my Bliſs deſtroy;
No happy Rival interrupt my Joy:
For oh! whate'er my cruel Fates Deſign,
In Sleep *Philander* can be only mine.

A SONG.

I.

IN Vain I ſtrive with Female Art,
To hide the Motions of my Heart;
My Eyes my ſecret Flame declare,
And *Damon* reads his Triumph there.

II.

When from his fond, his ardent Gaze,
With Frowns I turn aſide my Face;
My Cheeks with conſcious Bluſhes glow,
And all my Soul's Diſorder ſhow.

III.

Or when with ſeeming Scorn I hear
The Youth his tender Vows prefer;

From my fond Breaſt reluctant ſteals
A Sigh, and all the Truth reveals.

IV.

Oh Love, all-powerful o'er the Mind,
Art thou to rigid rules confin'd?
And muſt the Heart that owns thy Sway,
That Tyrant Cuſtoms Laws obey?

V.

Oh! let me break the cruel Chain,
And freely own my tender Pain:
By harſh Reſtraint no longer ſway'd,
Confirm whate'er my Eyes have ſaid.

The ART *of* COQUETTRY.

YE lovely Maids, whoſe yet unpractis'd Hearts
Ne'er felt the Force of Love's reſiſtleſs Darts;
Who juſtly ſet a Value on your Charms,
Power all your Wiſh, but Beauty all your Arms:
Who o'er Mankind wou'd fain exert your Sway,
And teach the lordly Tyrant to obey.
Attend my Rules to you alone addreſt,
Deep let them ſink in every female Breaſt.
The Queen of Love herſelf my Boſom fires,
Aſſiſts my Numbers, and my Thoughts inſpires.
Me ſhe inſtructed in each ſecret Art,
How to enſlave, and keep the vanquiſh'd Heart;
When the ſtol'n Sigh to heave, or drop the Tear,
The melting Languiſh, the obliging Fear;

Half

Half-ſtifled Wiſhes, broken, kind Replies,
And all the various Motions of the Eyes.
To teach the Fair by different Ways to move
The ſoften'd Soul, and bend the Heart to Love.
Proud of her Charms, and conſcious of her Face,
The haughty Beauty calls forth every Grace;
With fierce Defiance throws the killing Dart,
By Force ſhe wins, by Force ſhe keeps the Heart.
The witty Fair on nobler Game purſues,
Aims at the Head, but the rapt Soul ſubdues.
The languid Nymph enſlaves with ſofter Art,
With ſweet Neglect ſhe ſteals into the Heart;
Slowly ſhe moves her ſwimming Eyes around,
Conceals her Shaft, but meditates the Wound:
Her gentle Languiſhments the Gazers move,
Her Voice is Muſick, and her Looks are Love.
Tho' not to all Heaven does theſe Gifts impart,
What's theirs by Nature may be yours by Art.

But

But let your Airs be ſuited to your Face,
Nor to a Languiſh tack a ſprightly Grace.
The ſhort round Face, briſk Eyes, and auburn Hair,
Muſt ſmiling Joy in every Motion wear;
Her quick unſettled Glances deal around,
Hide her Deſign, and ſeem by Chance to wound.
Dark rolling Eyes a Languiſh may aſſume,
And tender Looks and melting Airs become:
The penſive Head upon the Hand reclin'd,
As if ſome ſweet Diſorder fill'd the Mind.
Let the heav'd Breaſt a ſtruggling Sigh reſtrain,
And ſeem to ſtop the falling Tear with Pain.
The Youth, who all the ſoft Diſtreſs believes,
Soon wants the kind Compaſſion which he gives.
But Beauty, Wit, and Youth may ſometimes fail,
Nor always o'er the ſtubborn Soul prevail.
Then let the fair One have recourſe to Art,
And, if not vanquiſh, undermine the Heart.

Firſt from your artful Looks with ſtudious Care,
From mild to grave, from tender to ſevere.
Oft on the careleſs Youth your Glances dart,
A tender Meaning let each Look impart.
Whene'er he meets your Looks with modeſt Pride,
And ſoft Confuſion turn your Eyes aſide,
Let a ſoft Sigh ſteal out, as if by Chance,
Then cautious turn, and ſteal another Glance.
Caught by theſe Arts, with Pride and Hope elate,
The deſtin'd Victim ruſhes on his Fate:
Pleas'd, his imagin'd Victory purſues,
And the kind Maid with ſoften'd Glances views;
Contemplates now her Shape, her Air, her Face,
And thinks each Feature wears an added Grace;
'Till Gratitude, which firſt his Boſom proves,
By ſlow Degrees is ripen'd into Love.
'Tis harder ſtill to fix than gain a Heart;
What's won by Beauty, muſt be kept by Art.

Too kind a Treatment the bleſt Lover cloys,
And oft Deſpair the growing Flame deſtroys:
Sometimes with Smiles receive him, ſometimes Tears,
And wiſely balance both his Hopes and Fears.
Perhaps he mourns his ill-requited Pains,
Condemns your Sway, and ſtrives to break his Chains;
Behaves as if he now your Scorn defy'd,
And thinks at leaſt he ſhall alarm your Pride:
But with Indifference view the ſeeming Change,
And let your Eyes after new Conqueſts range;
While his torn Breaſt with jealous Fury burns,
He hopes, deſpairs, hates, and adores by Turns;
With Anguiſh now repents the weak Deceit,
And powerful Paſſion bears him to your Feet.
Strive not the jealous Lover to perplex,
Ill ſuits Suſpenſion with that haughty Sex;
Raſhly they judge, and always think the worſt,
And Love is often baniſh'd by Diſtruſt.

To theſe an open free Behaviour wear,
Avoid Diſguiſe, and ſeem at leaſt ſincere.
Whene'er you meet affect a glad Surprize,
And give unmelting Softneſs to your Eyes:
By ſome unguarded Word your Love reveal,
And anxiouſly the riſing Bluſh conceal.
By Arts like theſe the Jealous you deceive,
Then moſt deluded when they moſt believe.
But while in all you ſeek to raiſe Deſire,
Beware the fatal Paſſion you inſpire:
Each ſoft intruding Wiſh in Time reprove,
And guard againſt the ſweet Envader Love.
Not for the tender were theſe Rules deſign'd,
Who in their Faces ſhow their yielding Mind:
Eyes that a native Languiſhment can wear,
Whoſe Smiles are artleſs, and whoſe Bluſh ſincere;
But the gay Nymph who Liberty can prize,
And vindicate the Triumph of her Eyes:

Who o'er Mankind a haughty Rule maintains,
Whoſe Wit can manage what her Beauty gains:
Such by theſe Arts their Empire may improve,
And what they loſt by Nature gain by Love.

To *MIRA*.

Inviting her to a

RETREAT in the COUNTRY.

NOW Spring returning decks the Year
With all that's lovely, all that's fair;
The Fields in lively Green array'd,
With deeper Glooms the ſilent Shade;

Soft deſcends the gentle ſhow'rs,
And wakes to Life the ſpringing Flow'rs;
Hence ambroſial Sweets exhale,
And various Colours paint the Vale;
Refreſhing Airs the Zephyrs blow,
The Streams with pleaſing Murmurs flow;
While nightly 'midſt the ſilent Plain
Thy fav'rite Bird renews her Strain,
Come then, my *Mira*, come and ſhare
My Joys, and breath a purer Air.
Together let us range the Plains,
Amongſt the ruſtick Nmyphs and Swains;
In rural Dreſs, devoid of Care,
Give to the Winds our flowing Hair,
And round the Meadows gayly roam,
For Youth does ſober Mirth become.
Now ſtraining up yon airy Height,
We'll entertain the wand'ring Sight,

With

With flow'ry Fields, and waving Woods,
Hills and Dales, and falling Floods:
Or to relieve the ſearching Eyes,
See diſtant Spires and Temples riſe.

Come now, my *Mira*, let us rove
Together thro' the mazy Grove;
Here, while with gentle Pace we walk,
Beguile the Time with pleaſing Talk:
Here ſhow thy melting Eloquence,
Thy ſprightly Wit, thy manly Senſe;
Thy virtuous Notions void of Art,
And while you charm, correct the Heart.

Or now together careleſs laid,
Beneath a Cypreſs ſpreading Shade,
Our Thoughts to heavenly Numbers raiſe,
Repeating *Pope*'s harmonious Lays,

Now *Homer*'s awful Leaves turn o'er,
Or graver Hiſtory explore;
Or ſtudy *Plato*'s ſacred Page,
Uncommon to our Sex and Age.

Now wand'ring by the Moon's pale Light,
Amidſt the ſilent Shades of Night,
Where on the late deſerted Plains
A pleaſing Melancholy reigns;
Softly thro' the ruſtling Trees
Sobs the ſweetly dying Breeze;
The Echo's catch the plaintive Sound,
And gentle Murmurs breathe around.
Now ſing, my Friend, and let thy Strain
Recount the Arts of faithleſs Man:
Thy Notes, ſweet *Philomel*, ſhall join,
And mix her ſoft Complaints with thine.

But raiſe, my *Mira*, raiſe thy Song,
To Friendſhip nobler Strains belong.
Oh ſing its tender chaſte Deſires,
Its equal, pure, and laſting Fires!
Such as in thy Boſom burns,
Such as my fond Soul returns.
Friendſhip is but Love refin'd,
Not weakens, but exalts the Mind;
And when its ſacred Power we prove,
We gueſs how heavenly Spirits love.

Verſes wrote extempore on a Gentleman's playing on the Flute.

I.

OH! ceaſe thy too harmonious Strain,
Nor thus my reviſh'd Soul ſurprize:
What new Ideas, pleaſing Pains,
Does by the ſweet Inchantment riſe?

II.

Lull'd by the dear bewitching Sound,
Each jarring Paſſion's charm'd to reſt;
Yet my Soul feels a pleaſing Wound,
And ſweet Diſorders fill my Breaſt.

III.

III.

Forbear to ſhow thy heavenly Art,
Nor aim a Conqueſt o'er my Mind;
By Muſick ſoften'd to the Dart,
Love may an eaſy Entrance find.

An EPISTLE TO *MONESES*, IN IMITATION of OVID.

WHEN urg'd by Honour, from thy Sight I flew,
And ſcarce would breath one tender ſoft adieu,

From thy dear Face I turn'd my gazing Eyes,
Suppreſt the Tears, and check'd the riſing Sighs.
Self-baniſh'd all Deſpairs worſt Pangs I prove,
I fled from you, but could not fly from Love.
Oh do not then, my lovely Swain, accuſe
My Want of Truth, nor charge on me thy Woes:
For every Pain which racks thy faithful Breaſt,
A thouſand more my anxious Soul oppreſt;
Sorrows for which Deſcription's all too faint,
And equal Miſery alone can paint.
Dearer than Light to theſe fond Eyes you are,
My firſt, my laſt, and ſtill my only Care.
My hapleſs Flame nor Time nor Abſence cures,
Still conſtant to the Vows which made me yours.
Ah! why then in that ſadly-pleaſing Strain?
Why does *Moneſes* of his Wrongs complain?
Forbear to ſend me what thy Muſe inſpir'd,
By ill-requited Love, and Abſence fir'd:

Dee

Deep in my Soul thy ſoft Reproaches ſteal,
And all thy Griefs redoubled there I feel;
Still round my Heart plays the ſame lambient Flame,
Each Wiſh, and every fond Deſire the ſame.
Nor can thy Pen one piercing Woe reveal,
Which thy *Ardelia* does not equal feel.
Ah, dear Idea of my lovely Swain!
Ah, ſoft Remembrance of my former Pain!
Why to my anxious Breaſt do you return?
Why wake a Flame which muſt for ever burn?
Still ſhall that lovely Image charm my View,
And thoſe dear Accents all my Grief renew:
Still muſt I love, tho' Honour Love deny,
And bids me from the dangerous Charmer fly.
Ah then how vain, how fruitleſs all my Care?
This welcome Abſence, this confirm'd Deſpair?

This cruel Conteſt between Love and Fame?
Theſe endleſs Pangs for which I want a Name?
Why does *Moneſes* ſtill love on? Why ſhare
In all thoſe Sorrows I alone ſhould bear?
All tender as thou wert, all ſoft and kind,
I flew, and with thee left my Soul behind;
I left thee, fancied Honour to purſue,
Juſt to myſelf, but more unjuſt to you.
Why then my Image doſt thou ſtill retain?
Why for a Wretch unworthy thee complain?
O rather hate me, drive me from your Breaſt,
By Scorn and Hate be all thy Soul poſſeſt:
Let thy fond Heart thy once-lov'd Chains reſign,
Compleat thy Cure, and O aſſiſt in mine.
Why did I love? Why did my eaſy Heart
Admit the dear, but ah too dangerous Dart?

Why

Why did I not the pleaſing Torment ſhun?
Why fondly liſten to the pleaſing Tongue?
Quick to my Heart the ſubtle Poiſon ſtole,
Charm'd all my Senſes, and enſlav'd my Soul;
And leſs the Beauty of thy matchleſs Form,
Then thy prevailing Eloquence could charm.
Oh come once more, *Moneſes*, and renew
Thoſe tender Vows, and I'll believe them true:
Let me once more behold thoſe melting Eyes,
Where Love a thouſand nameleſs Charms ſupplies:
The ſoft Enchantment ſhall my Fears controul,
And Love claim all his Empire in my Soul.
Ah! whether would my boundleſs Wiſhes rove?
Still, ſtill am I enſlav'd by guilty Love!
Still ſhall its lawleſs Fires my Soul profane,
And is my boaſted Virtue but a Name?

No;

No; I'll forget thee, drive thee from my Breaſt,
Thou dear Undoer of my Peace and Reſt.
Yet how forget, when every Thought is thine?
Even Life itſelf were eaſier to reſign.
To lonely Shades in vain I fly for Eaſe,
There ſecret ſigh, and feed the ſweet Diſeaſe.
On thy dear Name I call, and all around
The whiſp'ring Winds repeat the charming Sound.
'Tis thus I wear the anxious Hours away,
'Till Night reſtores the Sorrows of the Day.
Then does thy Image to my Eyes appear;
But ah! with Looks averſe, and Frowns ſevere;
Still as you ſeem to chide me with your Eyes,
My own in ſtreaming Tears to yours replies.
Oh ſtay, I cry, thou charming Phantom ſtay,
Or with thee take my fleeting Soul away!

In vain I call, my claſping Arms you ſhun,
And waking find the dear Deluſion gone.
Thus, does *Ardelia* hunt thy boding Dream;
Does ſhe like thee all cold and cruel ſeem?
Or does the penſive Shade ſoft Sorrows wear,
Heave the faint Sigh, and ſhed the mimick Tear?
On thy lov'd Breaſt her painful Head recline,
And tell thee that her Torments equal thine.
Why can I not this fatal Flame remove?
Or why, O why is it a Crime to love?
By Turns my Reaſon and my Paſſion ſway,
As Honour triumphs, and as Love betray;
My tortur'd Breaſt conflicting Paſſions tear,
And Love and Virtue wage unequal War:
Now all its ſacred Precepts I purſue,
Loſt for a while is every Thought of you.

But oh! again the guilty Lover burns,
And all the Woman in my Soul returns;
Again my Boſom glows with ſoft Deſire,
And hope returning fans the fatal Fire.
Seas rolls between us, but the active Mind
Still ſprings to thee, and leaves its load behind.
Oh ſhould ſome happy Chance to us unknown,
Without a Crime confirm me all thy own.
Bleſt be theſe tender Griefs, theſe anxious Fears,
Theſe never-ceaſing Sighs and flowing Tears!
Oh! let my Soul the pleaſing Hope retain,
One Hour of Joy repays whole Years of Pain!
To ſuff'ring Martyrs thus ſuch Hopes are given;
Such Views of promis'd Joys and future Heaven.
For this reſign'd they calmly meet their Fate,
Conſcious of Bleſſings in a happier State.

An O D E.

I.

AH ceaſe to grieve, fond fluttering Heart,
Thy charming Conqueror returns;
Hence every Doubt each Fear depart,
The Youth with equal Paſſion burns.

II.

Haſte, gentle Winds, and waft him here,
Nor long my lov'd *Philander* keep;
Grant, Queen of Love, a Lover's Prayer,
Sooth into Smiles thy native Deep.

III.

While I thy gentle Power addreſs,
View the dear Object of my Care;
View him, bright Goddeſs, and confeſs
A lovelier *Adonis* there.

IV.

Then can my Vows be fruitleſs paid,
When in that love-inſpiring Form;
Thoſe melting Graces are diſplay'd,
Which your celeſtial Breaſt cou'd warm.

V.

Come then, my Soul's Enſlaver, come,
To theſe fond Eyes their Bliſs reſtore;
Be theſe encircling Arms thy Home,
And fate ſhall never part us more.

SONG.

IN Vain I ſtrive to fly
This Soul conſuming Care,
My Sorrows always nigh,
And preſent every where.

In vain I trace the Grove,
There no Repoſe I find;
What Place can baniſh Love
From the ſubjected Mind.

That penſive-falling Stream,
Thoſe Gales that whiſper round,
Increaſe the fatal Flame,
And deeper fix the Wound.

The ſilent Shades of night,
Adds Horror to my Grief;
The gay Return of Light
To me brings no Relief.

In Anſwer to Conſolatory Verſes wrote by a Friend.

WITH Eaſe Advice to virtuous Woe we give,
But ah! how few by *Stoick* Rules can live?
Virtue diſtreſt in melting Verſe appears;
Beauteous in Miſery, and adorn'd in Tears.
But in the World 'tis view'd with other Eyes;
Virtue in Rags is Beauty in Diſguiſe;
And can no more Contempt and Scorn diſarm,
Then a fair Face behind a Maſque can charm.
Whatever Gifts we may to Nature owe,
Succeſs is all our Merit here below.
By Fortune favour'd Fools may riſe to Fame;
Without it Virtue is an empty Name.

SHAL-

SHALLUM to *HILPAH*,

An EPISTLE.

From the *SPECTATOR*.

WHAT Thought can figure all my vaſt
Diſtreſs?
What Words the Anguiſh of my Soul expreſs,
When to my Rival you reſign'd your Charms,
And fill'd his richer, but leſs faithful Arms?
Loathing the Sun's bright Rays to Shades I fly,
And your dear Name to whiſp'ring Zephyrs ſigh,
The whiſp'ring Zephyrs your dear Name reply;
Theſe threeſcore Years and ten thy Loſs I've
mourn'd,
While *Tirzah*'s Hills my loud Complaint return'd.

Dark

Dark gloomy Groves to raiſe have been my Care,
Fit Scenes of hopeleſs Love, and black Deſpair.
But now, oh---*Hilpah* Paradiſe appears,
And a new *Eden* riſes 'midſt my Tears.
Here opening Flowers the raviſh'd Senſe invade,
There ſpreading Cedars form a grateful Shade.
Soft gliding Streams, which murmur as they flow,
And Gales that all *Arabia*'s Odours blow.
Come up then, my Belov'd! Oh come and grace
This Spot of Earth, with a young lovely Race.
Let a fair num'rous Offspring fill each Shade,
And a-new-peopled World by thee be made.
Remember, fair One, that the Age of Man
Is but a thouſand Years, and quickly gone:
Beauty, tho' much admir'd, yet ſoon is paſt,
Its tranſient Glories but ſome Centuries laſt:

Like

Like a tall Oak, which long on *Tirzah*'s Height
Diſplay'd its growing Branches to the Sight;
Now worn with Age it falls, nor thought of more,
Unleſs ſome Root its Memory reſtore:
Which with increaſing Verdure ſtill may riſe,
And like its Parent-Tree invade the Skies,
Think well on this, then haſte to make me bleſt;
Be happy now, and leave to Fate the reſt.

FINIS.

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